

Actually, it was all ... well,
just some sort of miracle.
I mean how my sales pitch
alone would cure

loud tappets
cancerous rocker seals
chrome acne
rusted floor boards including --

if you'll pardon the fancy language --
all the other evils that were always
attacking the most beautiful thing
on wheels: THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE.

And oh yes how my con-
versation would tickle
the little wife's fancy
(if you know what I mean).

Even my jokes were told
a thousand times over
by the old man
when he got back home.

But oh god I want you
to know that I could sell.
I could sell to the dead ...
if there was no one else.

Say, speaking of selling,
anyone here want a ride around
the block
in my new demonstration model?

Well, don't everyone shout at once.

STOPPING OFF FOR A DRINK

she clutches me
says
what's this a poem

my flesh engorges
in her warm
hands
yes

-- James P. Bixler

San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico